

THE GOSPEL
OF
PELF.

Discouraging out of the fulness of his consciousness of complete restitude to a class of young men, a gentleman whose fame rests about equally upon his enormous fortune, made in thirty years by methods which have com-

pelled the hostile attention of courts, legislatures and the national Congress, and his wholesale benefactions, eagerly accepted by those who hold that no course followed the ten pieces of silver, laid down this principle of life:

"I believe it is a religious duty to get all the money you can; get it fairly, religiously and honestly—and give away all you can."

By way of illustrating how early he began to observe the latter half of this ethical rule, the mentor of youth, who "fairly, religiously and honestly" has made himself in thirty years time probably the richest man in the United States, recounted to his auditors some of his early benefactions. When, in the days of his simple youth, he paid three shillings for a pair of mittens, the ledger in which he painstakingly entered all his disbursements showed that he gave away \$5.58. To the missionary cause he gave ten cents, to the Sabbath school five, to a ministerial student ten. Though he lived in Cleveland, O., his great and charitable heart ached for the spiritual ills of those in other cities, and he dispatched to the Five Points Mission, in New York, twelve cents. All was neatly entered in the little ledger. All from the ten cents to a ministerial student to the later millions for a great university is duly recorded and much of it openly announced with humble pride for the edification and emulation of aspiring youth. No weak obedience to the injunction, "When thou dost alms let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," is allowed to restrain a gentleman who, disburising in philanthropy the gains of oppressive monopoly, finds it more pleasant, politic and profitable to let his light shine before men.

Perhaps, however, the philanthropic right hand was not informed of the work which the business-like left was doing to bring in the money, a portion of which was to be given away. Yet the information is written large in the reports of legislative committees compelled by the clamor of men ruined that philanthropy might thrive to investigate the mysterious force which was depopulating old fields, closing refineries and striking down industry. It is written not so large in the curious contracts with railroad officials, by which they agreed to swindle their stockholders and to swindle their patrons that the ten cents to a ministerial student might swell to seven millions for a plutocratic university. It is suggested in the records of courts asked to investigate the blowing up of a rival refinery at Buffalo, the obstruction of a rival pipe line and the railroad discriminations which drove competitors out of every field and strewed the pathway of the fair, religious and honest money getter with his beggared rivals. It is more than hinted at in the letter of a widow, cozened out of her means of livelihood, who wrote the noble giver of that which he wrested from other men:

"Do not forget, my dear sir, that God will judge us morally, not legally, and should you offer him your money monopoly it will not make it any easier for you. . . . It is enough to drive honest men away from the church of God when professing Christians do as you have done by me."

Fairly, by means of secret and unlawful contracts with railroad officials; religiously, by using the power of great wealth coupled with these sinister railroad agreements to deny to weaker men, even to widows and orphans, the power to earn a living with their own property; honestly, by permitting every device of chicanery, violence and crime to be employed for the destruction of dangerous rivals—this is the principle of life laid down to the aspiring students, annotated in exact accordance with the history of the monster monopoly which brought to their mentor his monstrous fortune.

CORPORATION
AND TAXATION
ABUSES.

Ex-President Harrison is a political thinker whose probity and sagacity are respected by his opponents. His utterances in his lecture before the University of Michigan, if the digest published in a morning contemporary emanated, as asserted, from the lecturer himself, will add to the esteem in which he is held. He attacks two fundamental evils—the status of the corporation laws under which such a multifarious grist of wrong has been ground out, and the defects of our taxation system, which have allowed a vast amount of personal property to slip scot free through the interstices of its sieve. With the general statement there is not much fault to be found, but with the hints at remedial measures, though these are vague, we must express emphatic dissent.

When the ex-President asserts that five-sixths of the people of the land, without regard to party, "favor a revision of corporation laws, limiting the purposes for which corporations may be organized, supervising the issuance of stocks and bonds, and putting other restraints upon them," he does justice to a feeling which is rapidly rising to its high tide. The facility with which charters are granted, the rivalry among different States to offer the biggest terms to capitalists, and the ease of dictation with which capital is thus able to organize on almost any basis it may elect, have offered chances of abuse of which the beneficiaries have fully availed themselves. It is owing to this convenient looseness of construction that corporations have been able to combine so easily into the trusts which have oppressed the country. Mr. Harrison points to the tremendous network of interests thus created, whereby millions of people have, directly and indirectly, been welded together into an offensive and defensive alliance.

This powerful army, uniting wealth, business experience and intelligence, has been able to act on Legislatures and on Congress even with potent effect in defeating legislation hostile to the interests of corporations and trusts. The inadequacy of State Legislatures, per se, with their short terms and blenial meetings in many cases co-operating with the unfitness of so many of the members to grapple with such subjects, is made the theme of comment. The ex-President recommends that such reform laws as are needed for this and similar evils should be framed by commissions, composed of the ablest men in the States.

This has a very taking sound, but we do not think that analysis guided by experience will quite justify its practical usefulness as a guarantee of reform. Such commissions, however strong in intellectual quality, could not be directly answerable to the people. Again, they would almost infallibly represent in some considerable degree the very interests of trusts and corporations the power of which their action would be supposed to bridle. Prominent lawyers would constitute a leading element in these commissions, and the fact is indisputable that these gentlemen receive their fattest fees from trusts and corporations. Better far that corporation abuses should be left to the direct consideration of Legislatures, short lived as their terms are. Mr. Harrison's hint that the national legislature should deal with the question is still more fecund with evil, for it would make Congress the greater of interests which would open the way to unlimited corruption and power. The ten-

gency to strengthen the power of the national legislature is already too impetuous for the public interest.

Appropos of taxation, the proposition that tax should fall equally on all property is the main text. "Lands, houses, live stock and implements of trade cannot be hidden. Stocks and bonds can be, and the assessor has no way of checking the list." Mr. Harrison emphatically says a way must be devised to bring to the tax-roll the vast aggregate of untaxed personal property, but it never will be accomplished by the impulsive hodge-podge methods of sixty-day legislatures.

Of this the Journal can only say that it regards the taxation of personal property as an illusive and impossible fact to grapple with in practice. As long as men desire to avoid in paying their tax dues, no machinery of assessment, no hedges of law will ever save personal taxes, which offer unlimited opportunity for deceit. By concentrating taxes on that class of property which can be summarized and accurately gauged, the problem will be met, and in no other way.

THE SCENT
OF THE
ROSES.

While the crowned heads of Europe, their cabinets and attending physicians are awaiting in strained suspense an answer to Dr. Schweninger's cabled inquiry: "How is Mr. Pulitzer?" a truce of God has by tacit consent been recognized by the warriors of Park row. They rest for breath on their splintered pens, after having again demonstrated to a defeated world the superiority in mind and manners of the metropolitan press over that of Deadwood, Tombstone and Little Piddington. Advantage may profitably be taken of the lull to look over the ink-strewn field for results. The still-breathing and indignant remains of Mr. Pulitzer are conspicuously visible. That eminent, if ailing, man appears to be bleeding at every pore and to have suffered severe brain injury, for the cries that come from what is left of him want the coherence that belongs to complete sanity and evince the wild energy which suffices to pierce the walls of padded cells. Though the Journal has treated him with considerate tenderness while others have been pricking him at every joint of his armor and whacking him on the mazzard regardless, it is against the Journal that Mr. Pulitzer seems to have the bitterest grudge. This proves that the sense of an anterior unavoidable offence is stronger than resentment at more recent and malignant blows. It is true that the Journal has done Mr. Pulitzer great harm, but not by direct intention. This being a better paper than his, he was compelled in his efforts to meet legitimate competition to reduce the price of the World to one cent. The superiority of the Journal not being affected by that move, Mr. Pulitzer, instead of seeking the service of better brains to help him and spending more money for news, has chosen to go mad. In his fits he has gone the length of endeavoring to tar the Journal with the World.

It is not to be denied that to some nostrils the Journal still suggests an odor of disreputability. Such nostrils do not belong to persons who have been readers of the paper under its present management. The Journal which they smell is the Journal of foul memory—the Journal as it was when owned and edited by a Pulitzer, the favorite brother of the proprietor of the World.

When the Journal was purchased, something more than a year ago, the transaction was not made in ignorance of the evil heritage that went with the property, but it was hoped to live down the recollection of Pulitzer possession by altogether altering and improving the character of the paper. Large if not complete success has attended the endeavor, but we are forced to confess that we miscalculated somewhat the strength of fastidious men's aversion to everything connected in their minds and noses with the Pulitzers. Time, however, is a sure disinfectant, and the day is not far away when the new Journal will be held by no one responsible in any degree for Pulitzer characteristics, to which it has been a stranger from the date of its purchase in 1895.

The quiet now fallen upon Newspaper Row after the riot that has made Prince Bismarck's physician anxious for the health and reason of Mr. Pulitzer ought to be permanent. The spectacle of most of the able editors of the district abandoning their solemn function of moulding public opinion and directing the activities of the rulers of empires, in order to engage in a free fight over their own business concerns, does not inspire the populace with that reverence for journalism which is so useful and agreeable to the profession. A gentleman may be possessed of a high forehead and purpose, but if his coat be split up the back and his eye blackened, his views on the tariff, the finances and the state of public morals are inevitably subject to a sad reduction in value.

MINDLESS
GREED
ON VIEW.

The hope that the Senate will partly cure the tariff excesses of the House is as generally shared by intelligent Republicans as by Democrats who care more for the public welfare than they do for party advantage. Indeed, it is more than likely that many a Representative whose eye is fixed on the interests and wishes of his district, and who votes for anything and everything in return for the particular tariff favors he desires, cherishes the secret wish that, after he has "made his record," the Senate will take the responsibility of dealing rationally with the Dingley bill. The temptation of Democratic Senators to stand aside and let the Republicans rush headlong down the tariff declivity into the sea of disaster must be strong. The argument that the more rope given to the protectionists the sooner the country will see an end put to the system of public taxation for private profit is not without weight. Nevertheless, practical statesmanship dictates that harmful legislation must be fought at every step, and a half loaf secured for the public by compromise when no more is to be had.

It is not probable, however, that the best efforts of Democratic and moderate Republican Senators will avail to prevent the enactment of a tariff that will outrage the good sense and offend the common honesty of the American people. Any tariff constructed on the protection principle is pretty sure to outrage and offend, for in the nature of things the largest beneficiaries under it will be those with the greatest grabbing power, and therefore those in least need of Government help. The lesson is being learned again that so long as the Republican party holds to the doctrine of protection as its central article of faith, private greed will of necessity frame the schedules, in dull indifference to the interests of the consuming masses. It is inevitable that we shall have spectacles such as that now on view in Washington whenever the Republican party is given power. The sober men of the organization know perfectly well what the political consequences will be, but they are impotent against the hunger of the trusts for the spoils of victory.

President McKinley is a wise politician. He knew what would happen, and wanted to have it over as soon as might be, in the hope that time would soften popular wrath ere the Congressional elections recurred. Hence the extra session. But the thing is too gross to be forgotten within twenty months. There is every likelihood that the same punishment which befell the House that enacted the McKinley law will be meted out to the House which is now permitting the trusts to frame the Dingley bill.

Mr. Tom Platt evidently places considerable reliance in President McKinley's lack of memory.

Behind the Scenes
in a Gay City.

PARIS, March 22.—This town is famous for the sensational quality of its murders and attempts on human life, but it is not every three days that bring forth six as dramatic crimes as have occurred here since last Saturday morning. Margot set the ball rolling soon after Saturday was ushered in at midnight by eviscerating a loafer named Grange right in the doorway of the Restaurant de la Paix, in the Place de l'Opera, in the sight of a hundred revelers of both sexes, who were supping or drinking, after the theatres had been closed. Margot is a Parisienne who combined the romantic occupation of flower selling at night with another vocation less reputable and Grange might have been described as a broker in the latter line of business. It appears that he was in debt to Margot, and resented being publicly humiliated by slapping her face. He lashed long enough after she had corrected his manners to afford a subject for the experiment of laparotomy at the nearest hospital, thus again demonstrating that the meanest lives may eventually serve some useful purpose.

Margot's crime was a commonplace one compared with the next on the list, that was enacted later in the day, in the Rue de Chevreuse, at Issy, a suburb situated just outside the city walls. A woman named Gracette drove madly over the body of her husband, resolved to die with her two children, a girl four years of age and a boy of two. Accordingly, after her husband had done to work, she put the two children to bed, closed the windows and doors, set the usual charcoal fire burning and got into the bed with her little ones. The husband, unfortunately, came home earlier than usual, before the fumes of the charcoal had done their complete work. The woman had not lost consciousness, and her husband, true to his brutal nature, made a violent assault upon her. She sprang from her barred window to escape him and broke her back. The commotion brought in the neighbors, and efforts were at once made to bring the children back to life. The girl was soon pronounced out of danger, but the boy was already dead. Their mother died in a hospital on Sunday, and the father is awaiting trial. The same afternoon, in the crowded Rue d'Amsterdam, Mme. George Favier, the happy wife of a wealthy resident of Paris, who lives in the Rue de Turin, was walking with her little five-year-old daughter, when a servant, whom the lady had discharged for incompetency, rushed upon her with a revolver and fired seven shots, four of which took effect, though it is probable that no fatal result will ensue. Her assailant was taken before a commissary of police, where she said that her name was Marie Rochon, and that she had been employed as a domestic by Mme. Favier, who had dismissed her without cause and also without payment for her services. She had further stated, she stated, that Mme. Favier had given her a very bad character in a letter to a previous mistress. She had sued Mme. Favier for 1,200 francs damages, but the case had been dismissed, whereupon Marie had resolved to take the law into her own hands, and had carried out that resolution. The law has thoughtfully reprobated by taking her into its hands.

Sunday, being a holiday, offered unusual facilities for what are known as "love tragedies," and two ruffians took advantage of the opportunity to attempt to rid themselves of their mistresses. One of these was a butcher, named Loeve, in a fashionable house in the Faubourg St. Martin. He was sixty years of age, and was in love with a girl of nineteen, who had only recently come to Paris and was a servant in the same family. She spent Sunday afternoon out with a younger lover, and that night after she had retired, the old butler came into her room and cut her throat. She was able to get up and run into the street, whence she was taken in a dying condition to a hospital. That evening, while two policemen were discussing matters on the Boulevard de la Villette, Jacob Zurich, a young laborer, strolled on, nonchalantly informed them that he had just killed his best girl, Alice Monjalot, at No. 146, and invited them to come along and view the remains. Zurich stood calmly by while the policemen, as behooved them, took down his statement in writing. Then the trio went to No. 146 and certainly found Mme. Alice weltering in her gore. It was another case of jealousy, but Alice was removed to a hospital and is likely to recover, while Jacob, in the language of the French police reporter, has been "placed at the disposition of the police." Perhaps the saddest crime of all was the one reported yesterday from the Gare d'Est, where a young woman was found on an incoming provincial train almost at the point of death, having with her a newspaper parcel containing the body of a newly born male child. She is supposed to have given birth to the infant and strangled it in the railway carriage where she occupied a third-class compartment alone. It was the old story of man's peridy and woman's suffering. The victim is awaiting death in a hospital, or trial for murder if she be unfortunate enough to recover.

The Paris newspapers of last Sunday published the story of a sensational suicide. The victim was described as a beautiful and handsomely dressed woman, about thirty years of age, wearing valuable jewels. She was said to have taken a cab from in front of Maxim's restaurant, in the Rue Royal, which is the popular all-night resort for both sexes in Paris just at present, and to have hidden the driver to go to the Avenue Victor Hugo, near the Arc de Triomphe, about midnight Saturday. As the cab was passing the Rue la Boetie, in the Champs Elysees, the driver heard a pistol shot fired within the cab. On opening the door of the vehicle he found his fare dead, with a bullet in her brain. The body was sent to the Morgue, and the newspapers asserted that the only probable means of identifying it was the initials T. C., with which the underclothing was marked. It so happens that T. C. are the initials of the present name of a young American woman who is not entirely unknown in the Tenderloin as well as in Maxim's, therefore it was, perhaps, that two more or less distinguished Americans, one of whom is married, and the other is not, took the Sunday night train for Calais, en route for London. They have not returned yet, though it turns out that the initials are a more colorful name. The body has been identified by the fiancé as that of a lady's maid employed in a wealthy Parisian family. She had committed suicide, her fiancé said, because she felt very much alone, and is said to be awaiting the return to Paris of two more or less distinguished Americans with deep-seated grief.

FRANK M. WHITE.

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.			
Academy of Music	At Piner Ridge (Keith's)	Continued Performance	
American Theatre	The New Dominion	Koster & Bial's	Gayest Manhattan
Bijou	Courted Into Court	Knielebocker	The Serenade
Bojby Theatre	L'Arlesienne	Lacoma Theatre	The Mayflower
Casino	Lost, Strayed or Stolen	Murray Hill	A Divorce Case
Columbus Theatre	On Broadway	Olympia Music Hall	In Great New York
Delf's	The Gelsa	People's	Old Lavender
Empire	Under the Red Robe	Pastor's Theatre	Vaudeville
Eden Music	World of Wax	Pleasure Palace-Music Hall	1390 P. M.; 7
Fifth	These Three of the d'Alberville	P. M.	
Grand Opera House	Madame Sans Gene	Proctor's 23d St.-Continous	Noon to 11
Garrick Theatre	Never Again	P. M.	
Garden Theatre	Carson	Star Theatre	Hi Henry's Modern Minstrels
Hoyt's Theatre	My Friend from India	Third Avenue Theatre	Black Crook Co.
Herald Square	The Girl from Paris	Wallack's	Miss Manhattan
Harlem Opera House	The Wrong Mr. Wright	Weber & Fields	Under the Red Globe
Huber's 14th St. Museum	Vaudeville	14th St. Theatre	Sweet Innucarra

WEATHER FOR TO-DAY.—Fair, followed by increasing cloudiness; probably showery in the evening; warmer; southeasterly winds.

FABLES OF TO-DAY.
A Truthful Parable of the Oppressive Railroad
Trusts and Their Destruction by the
Supreme Court.

By AEsop, Jr.



They fell into the habit of making frequent journeys, partaking of the Low Priced Meals—or rather Meals served at less Cost than in Former Years—and returning by the Same Route in order to secure the Reduction in Tolls.

It was not long before the Profits of the Highwaymen fell off to such a Degree that they became Alarmed, and two or three of the Bolder Spirits among them put to the test the Feelings of Antipathy toward one another and met in the Private Parlor of a Lonely Hotel, where in Secrecy they prepared an Agreement to Operate in Harmony and Divide their Profits on an equitable basis. Then the other Highwaymen were summoned to a Larger Meeting and the Agreement was Subscribed in such a way that Each Marauder had His Own particular Field of Operations, the Understanding being that all the Earnings should be put together in a Bag at the end of each month and Divided among Them All in Equal Parts. The Reduction in Tolls was done away with, on the ground that it gave the Travellers Too Much for their Money, and it was agreed that there was No Need of their spending any of their Profits in Improving the various Turnpikes for the purpose of Attracting Victims, as had been their custom before.

"But suppose," said one of the Marauders, "Some One should chance to come upon us while we were Dividing our Spoils—some Officer of the Law, for example, who might Ask us What we were Doing, What Answer should we have ready for such a one? We must have some Honest-sounding Term with which to Deceive him."

"That is true," replied one of the Bolder Spirits. "It will not do for us to go about talking about Booty or Stealings. Suppose we say that we are 'Earning our Earnings,' that has a Businesslike Sound that suggests Legitimate Commercial Enterprise."

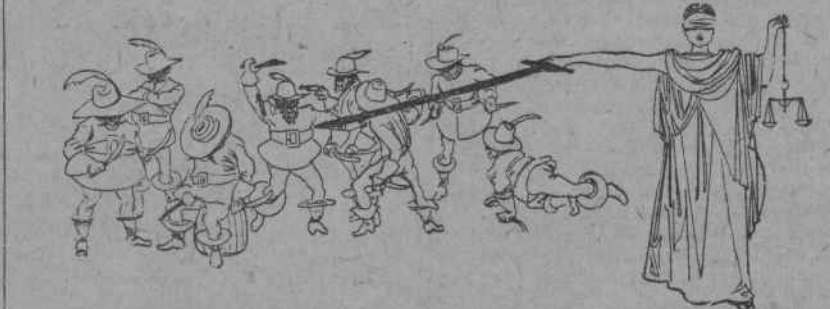
Under this New System the Highwaymen fared well, and for a time all went Merry as a Cable-car Bell, with No One but the Public to Pay. But finally, the People who were Convinced by business to take Frequent Journeys from one part of the Country to Another, began to Complain Bitterly of the Systematic manner in which the Highwaymen Operated and to Sign for the Old Times when the Inter-Thief competition gave the Public a Chance.

In Due time their Complaints became so Frequent and Bitter that they reached the ears of the Officers of Justice, and They in their turn made the Case known to the Sages whose Duty it was to Make Laws for the land and also to Enforce them.

And these Sages, having learned by Undisputed Testimony that it was the Custom for the Highwaymen to meet Every Month to Divide their Booty—or as they expressed it, to Pool their Earnings—straightway Commanded their Officers to Break Up those Meetings and to Prevent them from doing business Unless they did it Singly and under Police Surveillance.

And when the People heard this News they Rejoiced and were Exceeding Glad, while the Highwaymen became More Bitter than ever, each one toward all the rest, and Forthwith began Preparations for Cutting one another's Throats, and by this shall the Public Profit.

MORAL.
This Fable teaches that if we cannot Put a Stop to Highway Robbery, we can At Least, by Wise Legislation, Prevent the Marauders from Banding themselves together as the Allied Powers of Crime and thus Working Openly and Harmoniously for Our Destruction.



The Jesters' Chorus.

When the tempest broke the roof of the barn struck the tenderfoot in the chest, a bayonet fell upon his head and a cord of wood pinned his feet to the ground.
"Dear sprout to his eyes."
"It reminds me," he sighed, "of sitting in a crowded trolley car when it goes around a curve. Ah, me!"—Detroit Journal.

"I shall proclaim your perfidy to the world," he cried.
She absented.
And yet why not?
As her husband, he owed her no mercy; as her press agent, he would still be doing her simple justice.—Detroit Journal.

"I don't see why you keep an office!" exclaimed the careless man's candid friend.
"You're never in it."
"Of course, I'm never in it."
"Then what makes you maintain it?"
"Why, I've got to have some place for the bill-collectors to come, haven't I?"—Washington Star.

"What did I hear about you going into luncheon, Ephraim?"
"Well, Mistah Black, we done issued a yaller bill cullud supplement down at our house last week, dat's all."—Indianapolis Journal.

"I wish," said the artist who had been so absorbed in his work as to neglect his eating, "that you would send out and get a nice large head of cabbage."
"Certainly," replied his wife; "have you an inspiration for a new still life?"
"No, I merely want it for a pot-boiler."—Washington Star.

"You don't seem to approve of football," said a citizen to the legislator with an anti-football bill.
"No," was the reply of the latter; "I have a kick coming."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

"You see," said the Chicago man, "our women are great sucklers for the proprietors of life. They stick to the rule in everything and believe that twelve inches ought to make a foot."—Atlanta Evening Constitution.

"I can always find a use for light literature," chorused the editor, as he took a handful of short stories to kindle the office fire, with "And some people accuse me of making my living off the fees of genius," he chuckled, as he got ready to roast another contemporary.—Pittsburgh News.

"Oh, see how tanned the snow is!" exclaimed the little girl.
No, she had not always lived in the country where they don't have unburned snow, and she was not now in the city for the first or any subsequent time.
She was only the fictitious little girl, bless her, when the joke writers trot out every now and then when they haven't anything else.—Detroit Journal.

"Come in here, Jones. I want to buy a good cigar for you."
"What's up? A new boy at your house?"
"No. You're the first man I've met this morning who hasn't asked me if I'm 'going to the niggeration.'"—Cleveland Leader.

"We hope to see more of you," they said, with every appearance of sincerity.
That was real mean of them, too, after she had gone and bought a \$29 wheel and a \$450 bicycle suit for the purpose of reducing herself.—Detroit Journal.

First Sport.—Dat was a great scrap we had up to de Atlantic Club last night. Ugly Mike put Bloody Peach 't sleep.
Second Sport (seriously).—In how many chapters.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

"How long did it take you to learn the bicycle?"
"Me? It wasn't three days before I could lie as fast as any of them."—Indianapolis Journal.

"You say your husband won \$25 on the prize fight? Goodness me, I should think you'd have let him get my money in that way."
"I did feel very bad about it at first, but as I look at it now I can't see that it was anything to be ashamed of. He's given me the money to buy an Easter ass."—Cleveland Leader.

A Curious Relic
of Other Days.

A STRANGE reminder of the adventurous past was fished up recently on a boatman's anchor in the Bay of Panama. Coated with mud and discolored by sea water and years the object proved to be a golden chalice, presumed to belong to one of the churches which were looted by Morgan the pirate in 1870.

This able and courageous scoundrel was the most noted buccaneer of his time. He was absolutely without conscience, and stopped at nothing in his greed for booty. So prominent was he as a rogue that most of the other maritime rascals of his day admired him and willingly accepted his leadership, even though they knew he was without heart and so supremely selfish that he was incapable of keeping faith when interest pulled the other way. The chalice recovered from the bottom of Panama Bay was no doubt dropped overboard from one of his ships when he fled at last from his companions.

The fleet with which he attacked the unsuspecting city consisted of thirty-seven vessels. Panama, as the historian tells us, was in 1670 at its highest point of glory, being one of the wealthiest cities in the world. It contained two thousand mansions and five thousand smaller dwellings, nearly all three stories high, elegantly constructed of stone or cedar wood and magnificently furnished. It was the emporium for the silver of Mexico and the gold of Peru. A great commerce was also carried on. The cathedral was erected in the Italian style and enriched with great quantities of gold and silver, as were also the eight convents. At a short distance from the city wall the richest inhabitants had their sumptuous country houses. Such was the city which Morgan and his men plundered and reduced it to a heap of ruins, starting the world by the daring and magnitude of their exploit. It is calculated that the value of their booty reached between four and five million dollars.

It was then, writes Stark, that Morgan proved recalcitrant to his trust and robbed his own men by causing a vast quantity of precious stones and gold to be set apart for his own use. The buccaneers expressed their displeasure in violent murmurs and threatened to mutiny. He went secretly on board of his own ship and set sail in the night. The remainder of the fleet was left behind and afterward dispersed.

From this time Morgan changed his course and sought to change his character, apparently hoping that the villainous source of his wealth would in time be forgotten. He settled at Jamaica and enjoyed in security if not honor the riches which had been won by so much wrong to mankind. In these latter days he was possessed of a high sense of his importance, became grave and decorous in conversation and adopted the language not only of patriotism, but of decorum and virtue. He died peacefully in his bed, and on his tomb, which tourists may see to this day, appears the simple inscription:

PULITZER.

ELECTRIC FARMING.

In an age of electricity it is not to be wondered at that an enterprising German genius has turned his attention to the utilization of this power in the flowery field of agriculture, and that he has invented a novel electric plant which bids fair to make the farmer as independent in reality as he is in books which set forth what is believed by city folk to be the romantic side of him.

A stream of water working harmoniously with a turbine wheel supplies the motive power of the plant, and a system of wire work communicating with the threshing machine, for instance, sets that useful engine in operation when the button is touched. The possibilities of electric farming are great. If the cow can be milked by electricity, and the pump worked in harmony with its said bovine sister, it goes without saying that the farmer, instead of arising for the chase at 4 a. m., may encoil himself in purple restored dreams and dispose of his Spanish omelette while yet reclining on the couch in horny-handed ease at 11 in the morning. He will also be greatly benefited because it will be no longer necessary for him to depend for success on scientific agricultural works written by men born and bred in the city.

By running wires under ground he can heat the earth sufficiently in winter to raise tomatoes and strawberries, which can also be produced in this way all the year round, and kill the canning industry. If he can only keep the brook from freezing in winter and from drying up during the Summer solstice.

The great difficulty will be to regulate the current in such a way that a too swift development will not cause the watermelon to increase in size so rapidly that it will burst like a bubble, explode like a bomb, shell or fly into the air and tear itself rudely from the natal stem. It will also be an important piece of forethought to devise some plan that the vegetables may not be evoked in the ground, and that the wires be arranged about the rooting tree in such a manner that the electrical current can in contact with them and a negro cannot climb the tree without coming in contact with them, so that when he goes forth to gather he will himself be gathered.

The lamps blazing away all night will be a great boon to the farmer who has heretofore been compelled to depend on fireflies to find his way around after dark, and he will not be compelled to retire for the night during the afternoon that he may rise when the strawberry fingers of the dawn are milking the perennial cow of day, and an antique rooster on the utmost bough flapping the whiskers of the weakling and Phobos. It is high time that something be done for the poor, overworked farmer—something to make his life brighter and easier, and to lift him from a condition whose diet is salt pork and whose highest intellectual recreation is certified checkers and progressive dominoes. The wand of electricity may turn pork into Spring chicken, the pig's liver into pate de foie gras, and everything into money. He will be enabled to lie in his hammock and touch the button that causes the pig to be killed and cured; the crop to be harvested and sold at a handsome profit, the rolling pin to subdue the barbed wire sinews of the Summer steak, and all to go as merry as a dinner bell. He will bless the day that electricity lit the hoe upon the yellow tree, and will hang the shadow of yesterday in the shade forget to-day and be at peace with all the world while he puffs his pipe of peace and snaps at fate what few fingers and thumbs the bay cutter has left him, for he has touched the magic button that makes the crop a success and lifts the mortgage and blows it to oblivion like a frail and cancelled postage stamp.

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